873 We could not stage these shows at the University owing to the length of
536 them and the difficulty of procuring a company. We saw them often in childhood when there were two great companies touring the districts. Po Sein and Sein Gadon came with their companies to the district towns; they hired the local hall, and then charged their audiences by mat-space. Buyers of spaces came earlier in the day and laid down their thinbyus over the rough bamboo mats provided. At night the whole family, including grandmothers and young children, arrived with pillows, fans, goblets of drinking water and things to eat, and squatted and reclined each on its own mat. Vendors of pickled tea and jujube plums, both of which have the effect of keeping one awake, walked in and sold their packets without a license, but just as an overflow from the row of food stalls that had sprung up in the lane leading to the hall.

• 545 At the University, however, we always staged *anyein-pwès*, and not
873 these night-long zat-pwès. An anyein is a much handier, more compact sort of entertainment. The troupe consists of two clowns, one chief dancing girl and two subsidiary ones, and a band of musicians. Such a troupe can be hired for about Rs. 40/-. No seats are ever bought for an anyein; people hire them to celebrate weddings, shinbyus and other happy events. They perform on a rough open-air stage, and the show is free to all who wish to flock to see it. The poorest beggars may perch themselves on neighbouring trees and fences to enjoy the four-or five-hour programme of songs, dances and jokes.

545 When an anyein was held at University College, we entered the
534 grounds at about 7 p.m. and found the stage with its rear occupied by the orchestra tuning instruments and practising snatches of the airs; in the
[782] centre a basinful of offerings to propitiate the nat-spirits so that the entertainment will be a success; and at the opposite corners of the front of the stage the two clowns squatting, watching the audience enter and uttering declamations about the occasion of the entertainment; but as yet in a very desultory fashion, while they scratched their heads, cleaned their ears and chewed betel, because nobody was ready to pay full attention. Very shortly, however, the orchestra came to life in a harmonious concert. Within the circular frames of two big harmonicums, about two to three feet high and four to five feet in diameter, sat the master players. The *kyi-waing* master was surrounded by a row of graduated gongs strung along the inside of the harmonicum, which he struck with a knobbed stick in quick melody. The *saing-waing* master produced a thinner strain from his graduated drums which he struck with the flat of his fingers. Between the two sat a *hnè* player, blowing loudly his clarionet which had a wide bell-shaped mouth; the *pulway* master played lively dancing notes on his flute; a gentle looking youth

kept rhythm with a pair of brass cymbals; and an energetic youngster banged his split bamboo clapper in the same syncopation. At intervals could be heard the patala player who struck melodiously with two bamboo sticks on thin slats of bamboo laid side by side on the strings of a long narrow box which dipped in the centre and ascended at the ends. 545 534

While the orchestra thus practised and played and the clowns talked half-heartedly and the people streamed in, one of the subsidiary dancing girls was carrying out her toilet at the left rear of the stage, with a mirror propped against a box and in full view of the audience. The dancer's dress is an adaptation of the formal Burmese court dress, the adaptations being in the direction of making it more coquettish and frivolous. The basque of the tight-fitting silk jacket is stiffened with bamboo wire in the seams and hems to make it curve up like wings from waist and hips; the unseamed skirt which is folded over tightly and pinned down on one side with only a knee-high slit to allow dancing movements is held in place by a belt with a big ornate buckle, whereas a woman of dignified movements should be able to keep her longyi up with only a deft twist—hence the expression "*htamein ma-naing, pasa ma-naing:* no mastery of skirt, no mastery of scarf" as a description of a slovenly woman; the hair is in a cylindrical woman's sadone with a floating side-tress, but part of it also hangs down in a fringe all around after the fashion of a girl in her early teens, and the whole cylinder is covered with sprigs of flowers; the face is painted chalk white by the addition of a cosmetic containing lead to the thanakha, the favourite brand being called in Burmese "*B Nga Lon:* Five B's", with the parenthetic explanation in English: "Burma Brand Burmese Belle's Beautifier"; a gauzy scarf and a fan set off the young dancing lady, but, unfortunately, her small and lively feet are encased in white cotton socks in order to provide a whiter effect than the Five B's can do.

By the time her toilet is done, the audience is already seated, the clowns are getting bored and begin to shout for her with mock honorifics. The dancer comes out with a wooden face and lackadaisical air, makes obeisance to the audience and to the basinful of offerings, and then sits with her knees tucked under her, presenting to the crowd a winged back of perfect indifference. The clowns now launch into a description of her person, talents and reputation with mock rhapsodies and many bawdy puns. Then they formally call on her to dance and, just as the audience begins to grow a bit restive, the girl rises, turns around and gives one quick short dance. From now on the programme can go ahead with a swing. Jokes, antics, songs, dances and repartee follow in fast succession, with the orchestra accompanying. After an hour the next girl takes the stage, followed at about 10 p.m. by the chief dancer. 545

• 545 according to the universal rule in Burmese entertainment that the best bit is worth waiting for and must be reserved to the last.

All this while, the dancing girl—the minthami—is a most delightful creature, fascinating by the combination of wanton behaviour with the stiff and formal dress which makes a flat and angular doll of her, being open to the most lewd jokes by the clowns while she protests a chaste morality in reply to their quips. She hits the clowns with her fan, claps her hands and stamps her feet, plays with her scarf and rearranges her dress with great care, disregarding the audience altogether, asks for a cigarette or a drink of water when she wants it, gets a Burmese powder puff passed to her after an energetic dance and the clowns to fan her with mock earnestness and many jokes about her sweating, lets her eye rove among the audience until it has lighted on the football or

rowing hero of the hour, and gets teased with him throughout the evening. These dancing girls considered it a feather in their cap to be known as a favourite of the University students, and many of them adopted titles conferred on them for successful performances at the colleges. Academic titles were invested with glamour through being in Pāli or in English—*Weiksa Mè, Uni-barsity Mya Than Kyi, Tegatho Thein Tin, Colleik Sein*: Graduate Damsel, University Mya Than Kyi, Taxila Thein Tin and College Sein, a zat dancer of more status.

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The jokes of the clowns were mostly based on pornographic punning, in their sallies with the dancer, in descriptions of current events such as

elections, pagoda festivals, the football match which has just been won, 545
or an Indian film which is being advertised, and on mispronunciations of 522
English words to give them a bawdy meaning. In fact, they were amusing in the way of good music hall gags, but in an anyein the clowns needed more native wit and quickness, for not only did they extemporize by quips at the audience, exercising their fancy at a dog that howled or a foreigner sitting in the back rows, but the audience itself was free to join in and challenge their sharpness.

The songs sung, however, were not vulgar songs; they were pretty or 545
serious and were mostly written specially in honour of the occasion. No matter what the reason for the staging of the anyein, the song-writers did not find accurate description an impediment to their poetic fancy, fitting details of the time, place and sponsors to rhyme and rhythm. When an Anglo-Burman student and I won State scholarships in 1937, Inya 539
Hall, the residential hall for women, held an anyein, and the song of the evening had a refrain which repeated: *"Mi Mi yè, Kathleen yè, Ah-kya buè:* Oh Mi Mi, Oh Kathleen, how much to be admired and emulated!" Unfortunately, by the time I returned home the tune had been fitted to more popular words and I never learnt the original version, but I do remember the song written as an accompaniment for the dance of Ma Ohn, a talented student from Mandalay, who took part as representative performer of the University in an entertainment given for the funds of the National Girls' School. The words show the characteristic happy mixture of song and description:

Yatanadon Man Shue Myo thu,
Thabaw kaung hnin say-da-na hpyu
Varsity nan myi yu
Kyaung-gyi colleik thu.
A-hok ko bin thabaw tu,
Ta-gè ko bin manaw hpyu
Myoma kyaung a-hlu
Waing wun ka-pa-ku.
Yandon ngway ko say-da-na hta ya
Way-bya myat kyi hpyu
Amyo thami Boddha ba-tha
Taing ee ee sa hpyu
Aung lan ta lu lu
Nameik kaung thabaw hmat yu,
Myoma kyaung a twet—hsaung yoet lo ku
hsaung yoet lo ku
Pyo pyo Ohn ko Shue Daing Nyun ga thachin yay pay tè thu.

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are cast off and tethered up, the mats and bedding spread out below the cart in readiness against bed-time. Then our party breaks up to seek friends in the crowd; the girls taking off their travelling-dress and putting on their finest tameins, an operation which it would puzzle English women to do in public with equally scanty raiment and equal modesty. But they do it deftly; and, after touching up their complexion with a little fragrant thana'kha, are off, followed shortly by their brothers, who, in the absence of a looking-glass, have some difficulty in winding on their turbans to their liking. However, that is eventually done, and the remaining hours of daylight are spent in pleasant talk with friends, and wanderings through the shrub-growth and tall grass which cover the spur, at the end of which is the pagoda. The little tank, a brick-built pond, which lies at the foot of the hollow, falling away from the monastery, is a great rendezvous, and many of the older people climb the slope to have some talk with the abbot.

At nightfall there is a general gathering in the cleared space where the stage for the puppet-play is erected. The monks of the kyaung are not Sulagandis, and do not prohibit the acting of a play so near to the sacred precincts. Besides, it is the Wethandaya Wuttu, one of the ten greatest birth-stories; and there is a troupe of famous manipulators from Rangoon. The marionette play is more esteemed by the people than the legitimate drama, and it is more suited to the neighbourhood of the relic-shrine. Nevertheless, a zat-pwè, got up by the amateur actors and actresses of the village of San-gyi-wa, a mile back on the road, is also well patronised, so that all tastes are consulted.

The people sit round about in a dense crowd, smoking and chewing betel, many of the young men strolling about and flirting in the impromptu bazaar which some business-like girls have started. This goes on till daylight, the audience alternately sleeping and looking on and applauding. At early dawn, the offerings are made to the yahans, and all crowd to the shrine to recite their sentences in praise of the Lord Buddha. After breakfast there is more gossip and conversation with friends. A few of the old people listen to the reading and expounding of the Law by

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when they attend a similar assemblage at Htun Aung's house at the other end of the village.

But after an hour or so they settle down to do a little work. The young men—kālathas, they call themselves—"Corinthians, lads of mettle"—have brought with them a number of wooden mortars, with a heavy pestle working on a lever; and these they set up and commence to husk the rice. The process is very simple. A few handfuls of the paddy are thrown into the mortar, the workers step off and on the lever which raises and lets fall the solid wooden pestle, and the husk is every now and then blown out and the grain stirred up a little. The Burmans infinitely prefer rice husked in the national way to that which is sent out from the European steam-mills. The big Derbyshire or composite stones do their work only too effectually; they take off not only the hard shell, but also the inner cuticle of the grain, which contains the chief flavour; and, moreover, the heat which the steady grinding induces, scorches out a great deal of what taste remains. Therefore at every house there is to be found the primitive national apparatus in which the girls of the household every morning or evening prepare the rice for the day's consumption. But to-night they are relieved from such hard work. The village youths for once in a way exert themselves; and all the girls have to do is to wash out a few dishes and prepare the bamboo-lacquered platters, the pyramidal ôk, in which the tamanè is to be carried to the yahans and the pagoda to-morrow, and get ready the palm-leaves in which less exalted people will receive their modicum of the stew. The whole actual work might be finished in little over an hour, but that is the intention neither of the giver of alms nor of the assembled young men and maidens. They have come much more for merriment than for merit. Else why that great pile of le'hpet? For the condiment is an anti-soporific, and if you take enough of it, you will be able to see all through a forty-eight hours' play, and give your friends an outline of the plot before you lapse into a slumber lasting twice round the clock.

Accordingly, after a quarter of an hour's work, the "prince" of the local amateur dramatic company jumps off his perch, and commences the "White Dove" song from the

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545 Zawtagômma melodrama, which the old sayā at Pegu has just brought out, and which is having a tremendous run all through the low country. The song is about the Saddan mere, the lake of the Lord White Elephant, where golden lotuses flower perpetually, where the gorgeous yin-dwin bird sails on the silvery waters, great butterflies flap about with painted wings and sip the nectar of the fabled jasmine, and peacocks stalk proudly on the jewelled margin, while around
522 roam elephants white, red, and black in happy security. The singer has hardly finished when the lu-byet, the village jester, breaks in with a travesty of the whole thing, mocking at the tremolos and the lofty style, and taking off the peculiarities of the singer. He went out to a lake too, and launched a canoe on it, but he was capsized by a huge creature that came up from below; and then he found that he had got into a slimy buffalo wallow, out of which he only escaped after great peril from the horns of its three outraged owners, who butted him under the surface many times; and at last, when he crawled out, he was so brown and dirty that some passers-by took him for a hermit, and gave him some rotten
522 plantains in alms. Before the "prince" has time to show
593 any bad temper, a girl commences a coquettish ditty, somewhat after the fashion of the English "Paddle my own canoe," about a poor wife whose husband comes home and storms and growls and abuses because there is no rice ready cooked, softens down when he has crammed himself with curry and rice, but breaks out into grumbling again at night because his wife cries and will not go to sleep. Such tyranny the young lady declares she will never expose herself to, or
533 at any rate "she'll be no submissive wife." Then there are a
832 few love-songs, wherein the girls are compared with the maids of the palace in Mandalay, and the Mandalay girls generally (who are *ex officio* pretty) with the daughters of nats, with Madi, the model wife of Wethandaya (the prince who in his next existence became the Lord Buddha), with flowers and stars and gems, and whatever similes lovers all the world over are in the habit of making. The swaying of the body as they walk, the turning in of the elbows, the fragrant powder on their cheeks and necks, and a few other items which would not commend themselves to a Western admirer,

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CHAPTER XXIX

PLAYS

● 545 THERE is no nation on the face of the earth so fond of theatrical representations as the Burmese. Probably there is not a man, otherwise than a cripple, in the country who has not at some period of his life been himself an actor, either in the drama or in a marionette show; if not in either of these, certainly in a chorus dance. It would be wrong to say that there is no other amusement in the country, but it is indisputable that every other amusement ends up with a dramatic performance. When a Burman is born there is a pwè; when he is named there is a pwè; when a girl's ears are bored; when the youth enters the monastery; when he comes out again; when he marries; when he divorces; when he makes a lucky speculation; when he sets up a water-pot; builds a bridge; digs a tank; establishes a monastery; dedicates a pagoda, or accomplishes any other work of merit; when there is a boat or horse race; a buffalo or cock fight; a boxing match, or the letting loose of a fire-balloon; a great haul of fish, or the building of a new house; when the nurseries are sown down, or the rice garnered in; whenever in fact anything at all is done, there is a theatrical representation. Finally, there is a pwè, as grand as his friends can make it, when the Burman dies.

The plays are always given in the open air, and any one that pleases may come and look at them, and stay as long as he likes without paying, or being expected to pay, a single pice towards the expense of the performance. A large shed has indeed been erected in Rangoon, nightly performances take place, regular troupes are engaged fo-

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a definite period, and money is charged for admission; but the idea is an English one, and opposed as it is to ancient custom and the old free attractions elsewhere, meets with barely enough support to keep it going. The giver of the pwè simply constructs a small roofed enclosure for himself, if the pwè is held on open ground, and fits it up with a bedstead covered with mats as a kind of private box, with a few chairs and plentiful mats round about it. To this reserved space he invites a few of his most intimate friends, sending them the ordinary little palm-leaf packet of pickled tea by the hands of his daughters or sisters. All other places in the circle are open to the first comer, and when a pwè is announced, women may be seen early in the afternoon strolling down, with rolls of mats on their heads, to secure good places. Abundance of refreshments and materials for smoking are taken, for it will be sunrise before the play is over. The commonest place for a pwè, however, is in the street opposite to the giver's house. All traffic is unceremoniously stopped. There is nothing to be done but to hoist up the hinged front wall of your house, or throw open the windows and go out on the verandah, if the construction of the building is more solid, and there you are with the theatre come to your doors. There is no trouble with the stage. A circular space is covered with mats and it is all ready. This is called the pwè-waing. In the centre is a branch of a tree, or the stem of a plantain palm stuck in the ground, which goes by the name of the pan-bin. Yule and others have endeavoured to discover some forgotten meaning for this centre of action, comparing it with the altar of the old Greek stage, but probably it never had any greater significance than to mark the centre of the arena and prevent the audience from crowding in too much so as to curtail the space. The actors when questioned about it always say that it is there to represent a forest, such as forms part of the scene of action in every play. This of course is merely an answer, and not an explanation. Europeans of an inquiring turn are apt to complain of this Burmese (and Scotch) method of supplying information. Why such a phantom attempt at representing a forest should be made, when no effort aims at portraying the

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English rule and civilisation, but in one sense it is true. In Upper Burma every one is taught in the monasteries, and having no other relief from Pali doxologies, becomes saturated with the phraseology and ideas of the zāts. Thus, from the theatrical point of view, the Mandalay youth starts with a distinct advantage over the Lower Burman who potters away in lay and elementary Government schools over addition and multiplication and the sterilities of the First Reader. To qualify for the first ranks, therefore, the ambitious Peguer starts for the Royal City of Gems, practises as much as he can there, and watches the most celebrated players. Then, after a time, he obtains an engagement, and turns up in Rangoon as a quasi anya tha. The stage managers, usually old actors who have made some money and are inclined to take their ease, go up to Mandalay during the rains, when comparatively little is doing, the wet, combined with the four months of Lent, making pwès few and far between. There they cast about and get together a company, entering into a written engagement with the actors, male and female, for the season, which lasts about seven months, from Ta'saungmôn to Nayôn (roughly, November to May). The manager makes all arrangements, and usually takes up his headquarters in some town or large village whence he can easily move to the surrounding places where the company may be wanted. The salaries paid are very good. A first-class prince or princess commands from 800 to 1000 rupees for the season. A good lubyet, or jester, will get five or six hundred. After these come the actors who take such parts as the king or the maids of honour. The dancers, that is to say, those who simply dance and do no more, get about sixty rupees; the saingthama, the musicians, receive forty. The company have not more than two or three rehearsals together before they commence their tour, but this does not matter much, because every one knows his part well, and the cue is not a matter of supreme importance. The zat-ôk (the manager) draws all the money from the performances. As much as 450 rupees have been paid for a two-night performance. This, however, was exceptional, and it was a marionette play with the great Maung Tha Byaw in the prince's part. Very few people

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could afford so much as this. The best engagements are those known as ahlu pwè, given by a rich man in celebration of some religious festival, or to commemorate some event in his family, such as the donning by his son of the yellow robes of the monastery. The elders of the village, or the custodians of the pagoda, often collect money for the performance of some of the religious zāts, depicting avatars of the Lord Buddha. Then there are subscription pwès, where some energetic lover of the drama suggests the propriety of a play to the inhabitants of the village, or of a street in the town. He goes round gathering subscriptions, and then negotiates with the zat-ôk for as many nights as the manager is inclined to give for the money. This system has unfortunately led to abuses. Sharp individuals have discovered the possibility of collecting three or four hundred rupees among the people, paying the manager two hundred out of this, and keeping the rest for themselves. The dodge has been too often tried in Rangoon, but in the smaller towns it is still practicable, and is far too often carried out. Besides these performances by accredited companies, there are others called kyigyin pwè, given by professionals anxious to make a name for themselves, and for this purpose giving gratuitous exhibitions. These are naturally very uneven from the difficulty of getting a complete company together. But in all cases the vast majority of the spectators pay nothing at all. The guests invited by packets of le'hpet usually contribute a rupee or two towards the expenses of their host, but otherwise the entire cost is defrayed by him.

The pwè is begun by the arrival of the band, which, with characteristic Burmese disregard of the value of time, ordinarily comes upon the scene several hours before the actual commencement of operations. They occupy one side of the stage, and tune up their saing and play away vigorously while the people gather. The zatthama and zatthamā, the male and female artistes, drop in casually along with the spectators. Each is ordinarily accompanied by a servant to carry their dresses and help them in robing. All of them, women as well as men, make their preparations in full view of everybody. Each lady has a toilette-box with all the necessaries for making up. Many are the hints the village

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536 maidens receive in the way of touching up eyebrows, artfully
302 swelling out the sadôn with false locks of hair, intertwining the raven tresses with red and white fragrant flowers, toning the complexion with thana'ka, and so on. The young men look on critically while the princess scans herself in the little hand-mirror and tranquilly completes the touching-up and other feminine mysteries so little dreamed of by ordinary European swains. No one has the slightest appearance of recognising the ludicrousness of the thing, or of deprecating the exposure of little female wiles and vanities. The zat-thamā wears her acting skirt indeed when she arrives, but everything else—the tight-fitting lace jacket, the stiff brocaded wings, the jewellery, the pagoda-like crown—is put on by the side of the stage at the bamboo rack which supports the masks and necessary changes of dress. The audience either looks on with stolid earnestness, or takes no notice whatever.

Finally, having smoked all through the toilette, the princess and the maids of honour quietly seat themselves—squat would be more accurate, but does not sound nice—at the edge of the pwè-waing, and continue to smoke till everything is ready and their call comes. Then they simply stand up and are on the stage immediately. They do not cease smoking then, except during a long song. The men are equally calm. The king chews betel and salivates copiously between observations or speeches, but in so doing he can
● 545 only be said to be the more realistic. Incidental ballets are introduced to relieve the monotony of the dialogue, and the maids of honour and the clowns perform wonderful feats of winding themselves about as if they had no bones, picking up coins with the mouth bent back to the ground, doubling themselves up so that the toes touch the forehead, and so on.

545 Sometimes there are great fights at these pwès. A
579 young man has got surly because there is such a crowd that he can see nothing of what is going on, and runs up against another equally inclined to quarrel for the same reason. Or perhaps he is angry because some one has supplanted him in a flirtation with one of the girls who have established a temporary bazaar in the outskirts of the crowd. Or there may be a dispute as to the ownership of a mat. There are a few loud words; a woman's voice joins in. Next minute

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the two are smashing away at one another with their long hair streaming over their faces and down their shoulders. Friends join in, and almost before you can realise what has happened, the actors disappear, the women and children run off home, and the street is filled with an excited crowd of men swaying backwards and forwards, and fighting promiscuously. For this reason pwès are now never allowed in towns without permission from the civil authority, and numbers of policemen are always at hand to nip any riot in the bud. With the same object performances are only allowed in large towns about the time of the full moon, when there is abundance of light, in case the street lamps should be put out. The worst row of the kind I ever saw, however, was started by two of the Burman policemen themselves. They quarrelled about the merits of two apyodaws, talented *danseuses*, and the crowd, relishing the absurdity of the thing, backed up the quarrel with such energy that broken heads were plentiful and a ward in the infirmary was filled.

Foreigners very often make the mistake of taking the performances of children's companies to be actual zāt plays. Even Captain Forbes, usually so accurate, falls into this error in speaking of a representation of the Wethandaya zāt. This must simply have been a yein, an adaptation of the great drama for performance by the little choral dancers. For people who do not understand Burmese well—among whom, of course, the late Captain Forbes was certainly not to be included—the mistake is very easy. They are far prettier to look at, and much preferable in every way to the actual text of the birth-story, mainly because they are not so dismally drawn out, and can ordinarily be got through in an evening.

The dramas are all founded on the tales which Shin Gautama told of five hundred and ten of his previous existences, or on events in the lives of kings and heroes in India. None of them are original. The story in every instance is taken from the Hindoo, the adapter in most cases not even taking the trouble to nationalise the names of places and characters. It is only in the extemporising of the clown that anything really characteristic comes out. The Hindoo sense of humour is vastly inferior to the

29: Slater M-4 (no date) 1951 AP1 Burma
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Old men will retire to the monastery to end their days there, and younger men, in poverty or other distress, will flee the world for a time. The hospitality of the monks has sometimes been more charitable than discriminate, a circumstances which has brought some monasteries into disrepute, for these temporary inhabitants are allowed to wear the yellow robe, and some are criminals, sheltering from justice. Father Sangermano reports the rescue of prisoners condemned to death. "In thus saving the lives of criminals, (the monks) believe that, as their law forbids them to kill, it must be meritorious to preserve the lives of others."[34]

The monastery is the social centre of the village. Buddhism in Burma is gaily attired, a religion of festival. Frequently there will be an open-air performance in the moonlight, when a birth-story of the Buddha is dramatized. All this spirited, colourful life gathers around the monastery.

But perhaps the Order's most valuable service to the community is the function fulfilled by the monk as *counsellor*. A group of villagers may gather for a special instruction, others may attend when the monks assemble for devotions, but the monastery is not regarded as a preaching centre or as a place of public worship. In modern times, crowds have flocked to hear the Monyin Sayadaw. Generally, however, the approach in this respect is individual. It is as the individual adviser of each villager that the monk's influence is most strongly felt.

In many and tangible ways, therefore, the monastery serves the community, but it is probable that the villager himself reveres the monk more for services which are intangible and may not appear so valuable to sceptical observers. Early in the morning, the monk, attended by *koyins*, will go the round of the faithful, receiving their offerings of rice in his begging bowl.[35] For the monk himself it is an exercise in humility, for the villager it is one of the chief means of increasing that *kutho* or worthiness which ensures him happiness in this life and the next.[36]

Most of all, however, it is those very aspects of the monk's vocation which distinguish him from the rest of the community, setting him apart, for which the monk is chiefly esteemed. It is because the greater part of his life is spent in spiritual exercises which the villagers do *not* share, that they value him most. The monastery stands for a Way of utter renun-

[34] *The Burmese Empire*, 3d. Edition, ed. J. Jardine, (London, 1895), chap. xv, p. 122.

[35] Thus *bhikku or bhikṣu*, usually translated monk, means, literally, mendicant. Strictly speaking, a *bhikku* is not a monk; cf. Rhys Davids, *Dialogues of the Buddha*, Part II (S.B.B.), p. 81, footnote.

[36] *Kutho* is frequently translated 'merit.' But 'worthiness' is more accurate.